OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

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Timely Comment
:—on Topics of Interest in—:
Church and State

The peace discussion has become a dense fog through which very few peace signs are visible

Lay on, Johnson, lay on Smite the wicked newspaper trust hip and thigh. They are robbing the orphans, and are not alone in their devilment.

Our children give the "Top o' the Morning" to the legion of friends who made Santa Claus visit to Barium such a splendid success.

Doubtless the nation that proclaimed "treaties scraps of paper" will change her mind when she has paid for the scrap of paper that will end the war. Germany did much and said much that she will repent in misery.

Boiled down and stripped of the little side issues the trouble in Mexico is this: the Catholic Church and the Standard oil people have been trying to run the affairs of Mexico. The Mexicans have resolved to have an end to these hardships imposed from these sources forevermore. They are groping around in the darkness of ignorance seeking a possible way. War and bloodshed seems to be the only road to freedom. Villa seems to represent the patriotic people of Mexico. He gets much unfavorable advertising by the agents of the oil company in this country, but he seems to be the only unbribed leader in Mexico.

The centre of industrial development is speeding Southward—not westward—where the epedemic of strikes has not arrived to curse the land. Leslie's says: "The fomenters of discord in the industrial centers in the East and West should bear in mind that the South, with its temperate climate, its cheaper and more tractable labor, its abundant water power, and other natural advantages, is attracting the attention of capital to-day as never before. The greatest industrial development and the largest urban growth and commercial expansion of the future will take place in the Southern States. Go South, young man, and do it right away!

—"A Friend of Barium" in Augusta, Ga., says in a letter to Supt. Walker: "I send you a check for $5.61 which I hope you can use for Barium. I joined a "Christmas Saving Club" last January, in your name, in order to have it to send Barium a little New Year's gift." What a splendid suggestion to others. Why not join one of these Saving Clubs for Barium this year?

Bound To Catch that Mule.

There was an old darkey who had a contemporary in the shape of a mule. One day the mule stopped short in the road and refused to budge a peg. A doctor passing by, wishing to help the old man out of his trouble, took a voil of acid and poured it on the mule's back. The mule put out down the road as hard as he could go. The astonished darkey turned to the doctor and said, "Mister, if you got any more of dat stuff, I wish you would pour some on my back, 'cause I'm bound to catch dat mule."

Honor to Whon Honor is Due.

The past year has been a very busy one for all connected with the Orphanage at Barium Springs. Our Matrons, acting as mothers to from 30 to 40 boys or girls, have their hearts and handsfull all the time, as it is seldom they feel entirely free from responsibility. Our teachers, whose duties are not confined to the school room, are also kept very busy. This is true of all others who are associated with the work here.

But the ones on whom the care and responsibility of the work falls the heaviest are the superintendent, Mr. Walker, and the Lady Manager, Miss McEachin. Few people outside, and not many in an Orphanage, realize what such positions involve. The work itself in these two positions is a strain and a constant wear, but the work plus the responsibility makes it doubly hard. To always be conscious of the physical, mental and spiritual needs of 225 children—to know you are not only entrusted with their physical welfare, but that they are looking to you for the higher training, for the development of their characters, and to this end be ready at all times to advise, to encourage, to correct, to teach, is an undertaking that calls for the best and all that one has to give. It requires love, patience, tact and consecration.

Miss McEachin has been in the Orphanage over seven years. On two occasions she has had to act as Superintendent and discharged the duties of this office with credit. During her stay here in the Home she has taken the place of a mother for many a boy and girl and helped to start them out right. Her life has always been a full one, and not many minutes during the day are free from interruption or conference with either the children or workers. Her influence and work among the children has meant a great deal to the Home and only eternity can reveal the results of such a life.

During the past seven years our Superintendent shouldered a debt of nearly $5,000 and freed the Home of it; helped to raise the needed money for water, lights and sewerage; handled the financial end of the Equipment Fund that was raised by Rev. R. Murphy Williams; has looked after the enlargement and development of the plant here; and increased the number of children from 180 to 225 In addition to this he has had the responsibility of providing for the daily needs of the children; the securing of suitable workers to be placed over them; the solving of the daily problems that come up in connection with the work; and helping in the spiritual training of the children. Surely this is a task that will fully occupy the mind and heart of any man, and without the co-operation and sympathy of those who have pledged to take care of these children, it would be impossible for any man to bear the weight of such a load. Nothing would cheer and stimulate him more throughout this new year than to feel that he has the prayers, sympathy and backing of all the friends of the Institution.

Field Secretary

The editor heartily endorses all that is written above. Being a father or a mother to these 225 children is a momentous undertaking—a charge that calls for great sacrifices and unparalleled devotion to duty; also constant vigilance over the lambs within the fold to guard against "the little foxes that spoil the vine." Aside from his inside duties the superintendent finds time always to visit the sick throughout the community and never fails to extend the "cup of cold water" in the Master's name.

"Now, children," said teaher, "a man dies and leaves a million; one-tenth goes to wife, one-twelfth to a son, one-twelfth to an uncle, and the rest to a distant relative, What does each get?"

And the smallest boy in the class raised his hand and shouted:

"A lawyer!"

"What Can I Spare?"

"What can I spare?" we say
"Ah, this and this,
From mine array,
I am not like to miss:
And here are crumbs to feed some hungry one;
They do but grow a cumbrance on my shelf,"-
And yet one reads, our Father gave His Son,
Our Master gave himself.

HOME HAPPENINGS

—1917

—Ha! Write it seventeen now.

—Let's make it the best year of all.

—Stick to that New Year resolution, and "don't give up the ship."

—Measles is all around us, but our latch string is not out to welcome it.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Grier are now living in the old Infirmary building.

—The holdidays flew by quickly, but with plenty of genuine fun mingled in.

—Mr. W. F. Cowan has become poultryman and orchand man. He will also raise hogs.

—We are having beef regularly this winter, thus giving the children a variety of diet.

—As in years past the Orphanage has many pigs for sale and is meeting with a ready sale.

—Miss Margaret Ross of Utopia, Penn., and Mrs. G. L. Cully of Statesville were holiday visitors.

—Misses Mary Kenna Walker and Edna Bradford of Flora McDonald College came home for the holidays.

—Many of our workers spent the holidays visiting friends and relatives, but they have all returned greatly refreshed.

—The pictures and the lecture by Rev. J. G. Garth of Hickory were greatly enjoyed by children and older people on Christmas night. Mr. Garth has a cordial invitation to come again any time.

—Rev. J. B. Branch edited "Our Monthly" last month for Dr. Jacobs, who was in an Atlanta hospital gaining his second sight, and he followed in the footsteps of his chief so closely that we should not have missed the veteran editor who makes the pages of "Our Monthly" ripple with words of wisdom had not Bro. Branch explained.

—Mr. R. L. Moize of Richmond, an old Orphanage boy, and later mechanic for several years, was a visitor last week.

—"Do you reckon Billy Sunday is as good a preacher as Dr. Parker?" asked one of our boys. Of course we replied in the negative.

—There was no issue of this paper last week. This is for the benefit of those who complained that their paper failed to come.

—The dinner, the nice presents, the Christmas trees, and the good times are features of the past week that will linger long in the hearts of the children.

—Old Santa Claus was more liberal than ever before. He has a big heart that is the same in prosperity or hard times. He never disappoints his friends at Barium.

—Begin the year by subscribing to Our Fatherless Ones and keep in touch with your Orphanage. If already a subscriber, ask your neighbor or friend to subscribe.

—By reasons of an oversight we failed to mention the crate of chickens sent by the Jr. Miriams of Cleveland Church Thanksgiving. We are glad to thank them at this time.

—The tool shed which has been in the course of construction over at the farmer's house was completed Monday and the horses and mules were moved over there where they can be sheltered until the new horse barn is built. The old barn is totally inadequate for a horse barn, and this space was sorely needed for sheltering dry cows and calves.

—The Lees Cottage boys are highly elated over their Grafanola, which was donated by Miss Zula Rankin's Class, Fayetteville Church. The music thus furnished has added untold pleasure to their holidays, and will be a source of delight to them throughout the coming year. Our boys wish to extend to these good friends in Fayetteville a hearty vote of appreciation.

"Dear Old Santa Claus."

How we wish he could have spent a day with us after he came with his big sleigh and left such a load of nice things for our large family! What a good old fellow he is, and how very thoughtful and kind! Never seems to forget to come to Barium, and always remembers all the children. What a wonderful memory he must have, and what a big, loving heart! How we would like to look him into his kindly face and express to him our sincere appreciation and thanks for all the nice things he has brought us from year to year! I wonder where he does get them all? He must have come a long way because some of the packages bore the mark of Wilmington, Rose Hill, Wallace, Goldsboro, Rowland, Red Springs, Fayetteville, Laurinburg, Tarboro, Rocky Mount, Wilson, and Rocky Point. He must have come by Raleigh for there were several big boxes marked from Raleigh, and oh such a load of nice things were in those big boxes! I hope he did not deprive any of the little children there of Christmas toys, and I don't believe he would. He seems to have stopped at Graham for he brought the most nice big cakes from there, and oh, how good they were! He surely had to get another sleigh at Greensboro for such a big lot of things came from that good town—so many good things to eat. Santa must know that all the children here have a taste for sweet things, as well as for fruit and nuts. I wonder how long it took him to gather up all the things he brought to us, for it seems he went to Lexington, Concord, Charlotte, Gastonia, Belmont, Forest City, Pineville, Mocksville, Hickory and a number of other places. I wonder who told him that we like music here? Just think, he brought two Grafanolos! Such nice ones, too. One of them started from Wilmington and the other from Fayetteville. He must have been very careful in bringing them, for they got here in good shape with a lot of records. One of them he left with the largest boys at Lees Cottage, and the other at Round Knob for the dairy boys. I don't believe Santa would be partial. He must have known that the boys can't play and make their own music, so he wanted to give them something that would make music for them.

Santa's praises have always been sung here, some times weeks before he comes, and now we will sing them more than ever, and cherish his memory in our hearts until he comes, again. We all wish for him a good New Year. May his years be many, and may every day of every year be filled with plenty, peace and good cheer.

An admirer of Santa.

For once in the history of Barium Round Knob was "It" last week. All day long the reception committee stood at the door to receive the callers and if for any reason it was not there, the friends continued to come.

When getting near enough the cottage to see what caused the excitement, we heard "L-l-l-l" in "Down Easy," and other songs coming from the best Grafanola that ever came to Barium Orphanage.

The boys said Santa left it Saturday evening at their Christmas tree while they were at supper, but as Santa usually comes via Wilmington to Round Knob, they thought he must have brought it from there.

All during the Holiday week the boys and girls of the Home enjoyed the music. A very grateful bunch of boys send their thanks to the kind friends who gave them so much pleasure during the week, when in our hearts and on our lips are the words, "Peace on Earth, good will to Men."

—We were pleased to have a visit from the following old boys Christmas: David Stanley, John Grier, Clingman Long, Marcus McIntyre and Lee Devinney.

GLEANINGS
:—FROM THE—:
Orphanage Field.

Who is Eligible?

Every pastor in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida will have his name put on the subscription roll of Our Monthly if they will take the trouble to read it. By so doing they will keep up with the proceedings of their Institution, and will learn the principles on which it is based. We have tried to impress on every one of our readers the fact that the Thornwell Orphanage is neither an Asylum nor a reformatory but a Home and School for Orphans. An orphan is one who has been deprived of both parents by death. With a mother living, but the father deceased, the child is considered an orphan in the sight of the law, and if there is room for such orphans, our rules provide for their reception. Children, however, whose fathers are living, even though deserted are not orphans, and are ineligible under our charter for acceptance to be cared for by the church at large. We are very sorry for such children. We are more sorry for helpless cripples, for diseased children whose only hope of life is in immediate attention, for idiotic children, for the blind and the deaf, but our Home is not intended to provide for any of these, and could not do it for lack of suitable facilities. We would care for deserted children but this would only encourage other fathers to desert their children, and by caring for one case we might be doing greater harm to the greater number. Run-away fathers should be hunted for by the strong arm of the law, and brought back to do their duty to their children. The question of caring for orphans is accompanied with many difficulties. Our pastors get out of patience because we do not always meet their wishes, but they must give credit for not doing this work arbitrarily but on fixed and well arranged principles. If they read Our Monthly they will see the reasons for many things that disturb them.—Our Monthly.

A Pony or a Brother—Which?

We de not favor the plan of placing orphans out in families. Too often they become plain servants instead of adopted members of the family. However, if all accounts could read like this story from Kentucky we would welcome the placing out plan.

A little boy in this State of ours recently had this question put to him. Being an only child, he constantly longed for a playmate. Another desire of his heart was for a pony and cart. Knowing of the Home and the little boys who go to bed at night with no mother's kiss upon their lips, and no mother's hands tucking in the covers, the parents decided to give their little son his choice of a brother or a pony. When the proposition was first made to him, he wanted both, but it was not to be both, it was to be either a brother and no pony, or a pony and no brother, the sturdy littly fellow decided on the brother, and nothing could change his decision. So one bright afternoon there went out of our door two little boys very nearly the same size, followed by a strong man and a gentle woman. The latter was heard to say: "Take hold of his hand, dear. He is your brother now."

And the sequel? All we know is that another little child has come into its rights—home, a father, a mother—all its "very own." That tonight there is one less lonely little heart when it is "cuddlin' time."

Our Fatherless Ones

REV. W. T. WALKER, Editor-in-chief
JAS. P. GRAY, Editor.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1917

New Year's Meditations.

It is hard to learn to love unreasonable people. It is hard to love your enemies. It is a long lesson to become perfect in loving; nevertheless, there the lesson stands—"Be ye perfect." And it must be learned—not in a day, or in a year, but like all great lessons, slowly, today a little, and tomorrow a little. Some one writes among New Year's lessons:

"Speak a shade more kindly than the year before;
Pray a little oftener; love a little more;
Cling a little closer to the Father's love;
Thus life below shall liker grow to life above."

The Dawn of a New Year.

As we halt at milestone 1917 it is well that we take a backward glance at the year that is past. The past year and the one before it will go down in history as the blackest record of the human race. The clouds of human woe have hovered over the earth as a hen her brood. The wheels of progress have been turned backward. The flower of our manhood has been sacrificed to the God of war. The "survival of the unfitteest" has been the dominant note of Europe's madness, the strong and the brave slaughtered, and the old and the weak and the puny left for life's struggles! It is true invention has gone forward. We can murder our fellow men more scientifically and on a more gigantic scale than ever before. The science of aerial navigation has startled the world. Submarines have crossed the ocean. "Tanks," like prehistoric monsters, have devoured helpless victims. But much has been destroyed that can never be replaced. Proud vessels with cargoes of unarmed men, women and children have been sunk. Cathedrals, dreams in stone of the middle ages, have been pulverized. Priceless works of art have gone never to return. The coming generations of Europe will start under a handicap of misery and suffering. International distrust has been created. Sacred treaties have been kept inviolate only when selfish considerations weighed. Nations have turned aside from the pursuits of industry and commerce to build huge armaments and to create immense armies to protect themselves against their envious and spiteful neighbors.

America—the land of the free and the home of the brave—has its heart in the war, and is standing by and reaping the fruits of the unfortunate. Militarism is abroad in the land, and compulsory military training is all that is lacking to get us in the next great war. That step is the next one. We should alll look war as the relic of savagery, and settle our disputes by arbitration without the stupid and wicked waste of millions of treasure and seas of blood. We should put away the sword, and cease to butcher men, women and children.

And yet, every cloud has its silver lining. The year ahead will prove the brightest of the years that have come and gone. The mighty upheavals will be brushed aside by the on-rushing peace that is due ere the curtain of the year falls. The word of God is to have a new meaning after the purging effect of war. The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man promises to be a reality. God is not asleep. "Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." The poet voiced a great and lasting truth when he said:

"Right forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
Yet the scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own."

"On to Washington" which was the war cry of Lee's serried brigades during the sixties will be echoed by the survivors of the armies of the Confederacy next May when the veterans of the Grey will journey to Washington for their annual reunion. The railroads of the South have agreed upon a one cent fare per mile each way for the occasion, according to announcement by H. F. Cary, general passenger agent of the Southern Railway, who is chairman of the finance committee for the twenty-seventh reunion of the veterans, and the effect of this will be to attract a record breaking gathering. This will be the first reunion of the veterans at Washington. An elaborate program of entertainment is being arranged which is expected to make the reunion one of the most notable and enjoyable in history.

Germany and her allies are ready for peace, but peace will not be forth-coming unless Germany is ready to make the supreme sacrifice of her career. She must pay for the war and the sooner she agrees to terms the better for her. The war has proved a lasting lesson to the people of Europe. No people should permit any royal murder or crowned maniac lusting for power to involve them in war. That should be lodged in the hands of those who suffer most from war's horror's. The "divine right of kings" is a myth that has long since dissolved itself in the clear light of truth. The people of all nations at war have been deceived by their rulers and arraged against each other by the Arch Enemy, who is never better pleased than to see men fighting among themselves like so many dogs over a bone.

At all Orphanages a great deal of attention is given to the table fare the children receive. Doubtless at all of them there is room always for improvement, but at our Orphanage we know the facts, and can truthfully assert that no child has ever suffered for lack of adequate nourishment or clothing. Most of the children are far better off than they were before they came. They are not clothed in silk nor feasted on fish and fowl every day, but are given a wholesome diet just like the average child receives. You could search the State over and we doubt if you could get together 225 healthier children than we have at Barium. If they are not happy and contented they surely deceive their looks. This is a great work, carried on in a systematic way, and we glory in seeing that our people grow more loyal as the years pass.

Shame on America. When all the world was needing our help as never before, many of our people have shamefully raised the price on the necessities of life without reason or excuse. The people in this country are feeling the "pinch" of the speculators. What must be the plight of the poor people of other countries?

We hope 1917 will bring two blessings, namely, the end of this unspeakable war and the beginning of a lasting peace.

The Louisville Courier-Journal is about the first paper of any importance, that we have seen, that has had the courage to attack prohibition openly. It gives about four columns to an attack on prohibition which it entitles "Satan Masquerades as a Christian," and says further of prohibition, "it were more descriptively and accurately entitled a plan to destroy property, increase taxes and promote hypocrisy." With such papers as the Courier-Journal waging war on prohibition, it probably will not carry in Kentucky, but that state will be caught in the national wave and have prohibition forced upon her. When that time comes the Courier-Journal intimates that there will be something like unto war in bloody Kentucky.

A recent investigation made to find out what class of men live the longest revealed the fact that clergymen live longer than other men. Mr. Monell Sayre, who made the investigation, attributes the longevity of clergymen to their simple life and says that the extra years which the clergy accumulate are the results of clean personal lives of sacrifice and abstemiousness. If they were drinkers, they would not live long, if they were gluttons they certainly would be short-lived, so blessed with neither poverty nor riches, they find wealth in the number of their days of usefulness and service on earth.

In a few weeks the college students will be writing home for something to eat, stating that they are about to starve. Then in the next letter they will ask for new clothes, stating that they are getting so fat that all of their clothes are too small. Funny—those letters that come from the students off at school.

The New Year will bring with it increased cost for all the necessities of life, and all of this will fall heavily on the Orphanage treasury.

One kind charitable deed each day will mean a happy new year

Booze.

Mr. William Jennings laid the straw on the camel that broke his back when he declared that national prohibition will be the issue of the next campaign. The temperance forces have had a long and tremendous struggle but they have won the victory. The old croakers who shout that prohibition will not prohipit, and that there is more liquor drunk now than under the saloon system, are discredited everywhere and find no followers. The bill that has been proposed by the Anti-Saloon League, and that will probably pass the Legislature unmutilated, will dry the state. Congress is now debating the proposition to run liquor out of the District of Columbia, and Senator Underwood and those in sympathy with him will hardly be able to prevent its passage. The country owes a debt it can not pay to Senator Shepherd of Texas and Representative E. Y. Webb of North Carolina. These champions of the temperance cause are earnest and sincere men who do not make big speeches keying themselves up on cocktails, but they really hate liquor, and want to see the country rid of its baleful influence. What a change has been wrought, my countrymen, within the past decade. And as usual we owe more to the pastors of the various denominations for this better and more wholesome public sentiment than to any other class of men. A public man, in former days, could laugh at the "fanatic," but he dares not do so now. The harvest time for the sower of temperance seed has arrived, and they have begun to reap. It is a blessed thing for the rising generation that booze is down and out. A young man who gets drunk now rules himself out of society and out of a job. The boys of this day have a better chance than those of a generation ago; and the broad daylight is still broadening.—Ex.

Gems of Thought
for Every Day Living.

Ben Adam had a golden coin one day,
Which he put out at interest with a Jew,
Year after year, awaiting him it lay,
Until the double coin two pieces grew
And these two, four—so on till people said,
"How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile head.

Ben Semlin had a coin that day,
Which to a stranger asking alms he gave,
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way,
But Selim died, too poor to own a grave
But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride,
Showed him the wreath to which his coin had multiplied.—Sel.

No life is pure till it is pure in thought.

The ideal man is not born, but made.

One cannot always be reading the Bible, but one can always be living it.

One defeat alone never yet has conquered a human soul.

That "knowledge is power" is eminently true of knowing Christ.

Who is more lonely than he who does not know Christ as a Friend?

The progress is not "getting along in the world," but getting along toward heaven.

Procrastination proves its badness by putting off always what is good, never what is evil.

Patience is one of the finest achievements, because it makes all other achievements possible.

Missionaries are our modern knights-errant, fighting the world's fiercest dragons, its biggest giants,

Like the light from an electric bulb, shining the more resplendent the darker may be the night, is the brightness of a self-forgetful life.

If we cannot win the favor of those we see, how can we merit the approval of those we do not see? Failing to lead our friends to Christ, how can we expect to influence strangers?

Deed and thought act and react upon each other. Even when some sore provocation prevents one from feeling kindly he can compel himself to withhold any word and act kindly and presently the silence and the generous deed will calm the spirit, and slowly lessen the resentment.—Forward.

Afterwhile

Later on we have in view,
Many charitable deeds to do,
To help heal hearts that bleed,
And assist the poor in every need,
A helping hand to all we'll lend,
To the man in distress we'll be a friend,
We'll not ask in return a smile,—
For the good we'll do afterwhile.

Some o' these days we have in view,
The intention to start our life anew,
We'll scatter kindness by the way,
And help the needy every day,
To all the weary souls we meet,
We'll furnish balm to bathe their feet,
And give them a lift for many a mile,
If they happen along in the afterwhile.

A future time we have in view,
A plan to live each day more true,
We'll give a lift to those who fall,
And answer every worthy call,
Our very life for others give,
To enable them to better life,
Think of the good things on file,
That we'll attend to afterwhile!

In the far distance we have view,
A life of sacrifice to pursue,
We'll help the weary and opprest,
The heavy laden be our guest,
For we'll not live for self alone,
While the lives of others is a groan,
To make others happy will be the style,—
That we'll adopt in the afterwhile!
—James W. Heatherly.

Dick and Jimmy were spending a few days with their grandmother, who spoils them, as grandmothers will. One night they were saying their prayers, and little Jimmy vociferated his petitions to the heavenly throne in a voice that could be heard a mile. He was telling the Divine Providence what he wanted for Christmas, and his enthusiasm in the cause got on his brother's nerves.

"What are you praying for Christmas presents so loud for?" interrupted Dick. "The Lord ain't deaf."

"No," whispered Jimmy, "but grandma is."

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Why use Drugs
WHEN
Barium { OR OLD POISON } Spring Water
IS BETTER?

(Bulletin North Carolina State Board of Health.)

"We not only use more drugs per capita than any other people in the world" says the State Board of Health, "but we use more doctors. Approximately 3 times as many doctors, according to our population, as Germany and Austria, and more than 4 times as many as France. But as to our great use of drugs," continues the Board, "it is one of our most harmful babits,"

We advise that you leave off the use of drugs and use Barium Springs Water, which purifies the blood, drives out uric acid, builds up the system and revitalizes the nerves.

We guarantee benefits if the water is used according to our directions, or we will cheerully refund your money.

When ordering water, state the nature of your trouble. We will advise you how to use it and get the best results.

Dr. T. E. Anderson, of Statesville N. C., in regard to Barium Spring Water says that it has slowly but surely established itself in the confidence of the people, both professional and otherwise. Its medicinal and curative properties are known and acknowledged by all. For a long time I doubted its efficacy, but my skepticism has long since been dissipated by a personal knowledge of its effect upon the system. Its greatest triumphs have been in cutaneous disorders, acting as a specific in both acute and chronic Eczemas in many cases. Though in Rehumatic and Gouty conditions of the system, it exerts an influence almost amounting to curative.

Mr. J. W. McCoy, of Charlotte, N.C., writes that several years ago he had a violent attack of typhoid fever and for three years was a nervous wreck. He was totally unfit for any kind of work, and suffered continually with his stomach. His improvement began when he went to Barium Springs and began to use the water. He found that it acted freely on the liver and kidneys, and he began to improve in general health, and after leaving the Springs, he had the water shipped to him and continued its use and was entirely cured.

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Presbyterian Orphans' Home.

REV. W. T. WALKER,

Superintendent and Treasurer,

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An Institution of the Presbyterian Synod of North Carolina for the Care of Orphan Children.

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How to Send Money and Supplies.

Money should be sent to Rev. W. T. Walker, Treasurer, Barium Springs, North Carolina.

We can handle Bank checks. Express money orders or Post Office money orders, as you prefer to send. We have Express and P. O. money order offices here.

Supplies can be sent by express or freight.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be made previously to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintendent, and Express or Freight Bill of Lading inclosed.

Telegrams should be addressed to us at Statesville, N. C. 'Phone 908 green 2

Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home,
Barium Springs, North Carolina:

"I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

Somebody's Boy.

Father had been away for a week and today he is expected home.

"Papa will soon be here," cried little Willie, in childish glee.

Mother, with quick footsteps went about doing little things for father's comfort, and now the kettle was boiling, and the table set, and in ten minutes' time he would be among them.

"May I go to the bridge to meet him?" said Willie.

"Yes, dear, if you are very careful."

The little boy flushed and happy, ran across the field to the bridge which he knew his father must cross before reaching home. In the excitement of the moment, Willie never knew how it happened, and there was no one else to explain the accident the boy was in the deep water of the creek, screaming in frenzy of despair.

A tall gentleman, turning the corner road near by, hearing the cry, hastened his footsteps into a run.

"Somebody's boy has fallen into the water!" he exclaimed: Throwing aside his coat he made a quick dive and rescued the drowning boy just as he was sinking for the last time.

"Somebody's boy is saved," said the father as he reached the bank, "and, O. God, how gracious thou art; it is my own boy, my Willie."

Somebody's boy is in danger. There is a gilted saloon across the way, and the keeper is anxious to attract him. Last night he crossed the threshold for the first time; today he is there again. Oh, what untold misery is this? Somebody's boy is on the way to ruin.

Somebody's boy broke the Sabbath. He had not meant to do it, but his companions plead so hard and he could not withstand them. It was the first step to a life of degradation and somebody's boy was ruined thereby.

Somebody's was tempted to steal. It will not matter," he pleaded with his conscience. "It will not become known and I will never do it again." The money was taken from the drawer. It was his first step, and somebody's boy ended his life in the State prison.

Somebody's boy told a lie. The world was not seriously domaged thereby, but the boy acquired the habit of speaking the untruth, which clung to him through life.

Somebody's boy has fallen from his high estate which his Master has designed him. Father, mother pause not in your endeavor, for in striving to save the weak erring, somebody's boy, over whom your heart yearns, your own son may be snatched from eternal ruin and restored again to you. Somebody's boy may mean your own.—Sarah Virginia Du Bois in the Christian Intelligencer.

How To Enjoy Sunday.

A pious Kansan who has tried it tells others how to enjoy Sunday. As printed in his church calendar and published in the Watchman-Examiner, he names the following decalogue of duties: "(1) Stay home Saturday night and get acquainted with your family. Retire a little earlier than usual. (2) Get up early and help do the necessary work of the home. An honest division of labor helps oil the wheels of the household; but a man who sits around reading the morning paper and letting his wife do all the work—. (3) If possible, make your plans to go to the Bible school. Go to church. Religion and worship are necessary to a full grown life. (4) If you have a neighbor who does not go to church, invite him to go with you. If he faints away at your invitation, telephone to the head usher of this church and he will send an automobile for him. (5) Do not expect your wife to rush home from church and get you an extra good Sunday dinner. Let the Sunday meals demand a minimum of labor for housekeepers. (6) Keep some inspiring book on hand for Sunday reading. Write some letters to friends or to the boy or girl away from home. (7) Ask some one who is not a Christian to confess Jesus as Saviour. How long have you been a Christian yourself without doing this? (8) Get all you can out of the Sunday church services either as a worker or a good listener and doer. Do not criticise the choir. You are not such a great singer yourself. (9) Keep thanking God all day that you are well enough to work, and good enough to keep out of jail. (10) Close the day with a song and a prayer after calling up the preacher and telling him you plan to follow his advice when you go to work tomorrow."

Touching Appeal From Mexican

An eminent Mexican financier, Senor Don Luis Roumagnac, is in this country shedding some light on the muddled Mexican situation.

He appeals for American sympathy for his unhappy country's troubles. He wants the United States to invade Mexico, not with arms but with alms. He begs, for Mexican children, a little of that "magnificent and admirable generosity" which Americans are lavishing without measure on the children of dead or wounded Allies."

Don Luis also wants Mexico to invade the United States, not with bandits but with an army of orphan children. If these children could be welcomed and educated in American schools, he said, they could go back to Mexico later and "spead a doctrine that will not only cement these two republics in strong bonds of friendship but will enlighten people, of whom at present only one-tenth can read and write."

Just Loved Me.

Two little four-year-olds were at play on the lawn when the tiny girl slipped and fell. In a moment her small companion had helped her to her feet again and stood with an arm around her until her sobs ceased.

"What did little cousin do for you when you were hurt?" asked the mother a few minutes later.

"Nuffin, he just 'loved me'," answered the baby, the tears still standing in her blue eyes, but the comfort of the tenderness she had received shinning through them. He just loved me over it."

Oh, the divine wisdom of the treatment! There are so many falls and hurts where older people feel called upon to bring reproof, advice, warning, wise sounding platitudes instead of the blessed love that would heal and strengthen. Many a weakness, many a slip, many a wound grows into a permanent scar and deformity for lack of the balm of sympathy and tenderness. Many a warped life and embittered heart might be saved if only there was some one to "love it over" the hour of hurt and danger and temptation.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

A judge, in crossing the Irish Channel one stormy night, knocked against a well known witty lawyer, who was suffering terribly from sea-sickness.

"Can I do anything for you?" said the judge.

"Yes, gasped the seasick lawyer. I wish your lordship would over-rule this motion."

Bad Newspaper Reporting.

There is an old saying that one should not make mountains out of mole hills. It is to be feared that many of the men who gather news in the towns and cities in North Carolina have fallen too much into this very habit. The most of these men write at space rates that is, they are paid for such of their writings as are published. This fact, coupled with the further fact that newspapers are always looking for things out of the ordinary, and for all kinds of things that carry a "thrill" to their readers, accounts for a lot of rotten stuff with which the daily press is flooded. The result is to minimize the real news and to flood the papers with worthless stuff that benefits nobody and is a waste of time to the readers. As an illustration, a story sent out from Durham a few days ago, serves. It was sent all over the country and displayed and featured by the big papers and of course the smaller ones copied it. The story was that a messenger boy had met and married a very rich widow who was 45 years old and had twelve children. He was attracted by the million which she was reputed to own. Of course the correspondent grabbed it. He failed to state that the woman was not rich at all and that the young man had been in the school for the feeble minded. As he got the story from the boy at first, the correspondent must have known that he was not at all likely to have found any woman of means crazy enough to marry him. But the correspondent did not wish to bring out the improbability of the story. He wanted to get his stuff accepted, and he was willing to impose upon the public for the sake of doing it. We do not know who the correspondent was and this case is used only as an illustration. It is the business of the newspaper man to protect his readers against humbug and frivolous reports unless they are written so that their real character may easily be known. Every time there is a little excitement over a crime the correspondents feel that it is absolutely necessary to add that a lynching is expected or talked of. This serves only to help along the lynching sentiment, as the most of such reports are not true in any real sense. In the cock and bull story referred to above the correspondent should have stated that the claims were set forth by the man only, unsupported by facts, and that the real character of the man made his story improbable.—Monroe Journal.

His Heart in it.

A manufacturer in Philadelphia once told a friend the story of one of his superintendents.

"Twelve years ago a boy applied to me for work. He was employed at low wages. Ten days later the awards of premiums were made to manufacturers at the Central Exhibition.

"Passing down Chestnut Street early in the morning I saw Bob pouring over the bulletin board in front of a newspaper office. Suddenly he jerked off his cap with a shout:

"What is the matter?" some one asked.

"'We have taken a medal for sheetings!' he exclaimed.

"I said nothing, but kept my eye on Bob. The boy who could identify himself in two days with my interests would be of use to me hereafter.

"His work was to deliver packages. I found that he took real pride in it. His wagon must be cleaner, his horse better fed, his orders filled more promptly than those of the men belonging to any other firm. He was as zealous for the house as though he had been a partner in it. I have advanced him step by step. His fortune is made and the firm has added to its capital so much energy and force."—Central Christian Advocate.

At a certain church it is the invariable custom of the clergyman to kiss the bride after the ceremony. A young woman who was about to be married in this church did not relish the prospect and instructed her prospective husband to tell the clergyman that she did not wish him to kiss her. The bridegroom obeyed the instructions given.

"Well Harry" said the young woman when he appeared, "did you tell the minister that I did not wish him to kiss me?"

"Yes."

"And what did he say?"

"He said that, in that case, he would charge only half the usual fee."

The Humorous Side of Life.

Too Thorough.

"How does it happen that you are five minutes late at school this morning?" the teacher asked, severely.

"Please, ma'am," said William, "I must have overwashed myself."

"Are you boys laughing at me?" demanded a professor sternly of his class.

"Oh, no, sir!" came the reply in chorus.

"Then," asked the professor, "what else is there in the room to laugh at?"

"That's a fine dog you have. Do you wont to sell him?"

"I'll sell him for $10."

"Is he intelligent?"

"Intelligent! Why, that dog knows as much as I do."

"You don't say so!" Well, I'll give you $5 for him."

Lloyd-George says of the Welshman's genius for musical expression: "He sings in joy: he sings also in adversity. He sings in play; he sings also at work. He sings in the sunshine; he sings also in the storm. He sings in peace, why should he not sing in war? He sings in the day time; he sings also in the night. Hundreds of wars have sweep over these hills, but the harp of wales has never yet been silenced by one of them."

"You mustn't neglect your studies for athletics."

"That's what father says," replied the young man. "But father never gets up and cheers when he hears me quoting Latin in the way he cheers when he sees me playing football."

Louise had made loud and repeated calls for more turkey at the Christmas dinner. After she had disposed of a liberal quantity she was told that too much turkey would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the fowl for a moment she said:

"Well, give me anuzzer piece an' send for the doctor."

Astronomy for This Month

Jupiter and Saturn are now bright in the evening sky.

With a small telescope or even with a good pair of binoculars one may see three or four of the moons of Jupiter.

That planet is well provided with moons, eight or nine in number. Their motion is much faster than that of the earth's one moon. Notwithstanding the great circumference of Jupiter—more than ten times that of the earth—one of the moons goes around it in less than two of our days; another in less than four; another in a week. It must be moonlight every night and all night on Jupiter. Before one moon sets another rises.

Some of the moons may be inhabited; they seem to have air and moisture, the two chief conditions necessary to support life. If so, their inhabitants must have the benefit of all the other moons. But Jupiter himself would be a stupendous spectacle to their eyes. To a person standing on the nearest of these worlds the giant planet would appear as a moon 3000 times greater than ours.

Saturn, too, is richly provided with moons; no less than ten of them. All are smaller than our moon. Saturn also has its "rings," which are supposed to be made up of millions of tiny moons, some, perhaps, no bigger than an orange. Well has Saturn been called the wonder of the solar system. There is nothing like it in the universe, so far as telescopes reveal.

The constellations are splendid, especially in the east and southeast; Orion the most conspicuous.

Venus may be seen before sunrise, but not at her best. She is turning pale.

There is an eclipse of the sun on the 24th and 25th, but to see it one must be far south of the Cape of Good Hope, half way to the South Pole. Explorers in Antarctic may get a good view.

The rulers of Europe have been handed down this thought: "Wars are storms which are sure to purge the earth as tempests purge the air. Conquerors who depopulate the world are ministers of God."

Flora Macdonald College
Red Springs, N. C.

Location Our location in the Pine woods of Carolina on the Coast Line Railway is ideal.

Water We have flowing wells of Sulphur water on the campus. In fact, Red Springs is a health resort.

Equipment Our equipment is abreast of all modern requirements.

Faculty Our Faculty is equal to the work demanded—which is, A THOROUGH EDUCATION.

If you have daughters to educate, do not fail to investigate our claims. We educate mind and heart.

REV. C. G. VARDELL, D. D., : Red Springs, N. C.

THE OLD RELIABLE ACME FERTILIZERS

FAMOUS FOR THEIR PRODUCING POWER

Brands Perfectly Manipulated, of Highest Grade Materials and Always in Splendid mechanical Condition.

Manufactured by an Independent Home Company,

Are Offered to the Trade for the Twenty-Eighth Year.

ACME MANUFACTURING CO.

William Gilchist, President, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Form of Bequest.

To the Presbyterian Orphans Home,
Barium Springs, North Carolina:

"I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following:---------- ----------

to be applied by them to the purposes of the Orphanage

The above form of bequest is furnished for the benefit and convenience of those who may wish to leave the Presbyterian Orphans Home money or property, but who may not know how to proceed in the matter. This form is also inserted to attract the attention of brethren and sisters who have means that could not be given to a more worthy cause. There are many bethren and sisters who have means that we hope will be given to care for the helpless children who have no fathers and mothers.

Any one who makes a bevuest may specify the direct use of the money or property given.

Will not a large number of persons, in writing their wills, remember to leave something to aid the helpless and save them from ignorance and often degradation?

Mailed to any address on receipt of price.

W. F. HALL,
Druggist - Statesville, N. C.

When in need of
SHOES
the place to go is to
S M & H SHOE CO.
Prices the Lowest. Quality the Best.
COMFORT GUARANTEED.
Shoe repairing a specialty.
STATESVILLE, N. C.

W. G. JARRELL MACHINE CO.
20-26 W. Fourth St., Charlotte N. C.

The best equipped repair shop in the Carolinas. We make a specialty of Corliss Engine and Pump repairs.
Night or Day, Except Sundays. Phone 367, Night Call 2006-j

Carefully Treat Children's Colds

Neglect of children's colds often lays the foundation of serious lung trouble. On the other hand, it is harmful to continually dose delicate little stomachs with internal medicines or to keep the children always indoors.

Plenty of fresh air in the bedroom and a good application of Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve over the throat and chest at the first sign of trouble, will keep the little chaps free from colds without injuring their digestions. 25c, 50c, or $1.00.

VICK'S "VAPORUB" SALVE

Seaboard Air Line Railway

Trains Leave Charlotte Effective May 30, 1915.

East and North Bound

No. 14 -5:05 a. m.—Through train for Wilmington, with parlor car attached. Connecting at Hamlet with train for Portsmouth, Norfolk, Raleigh and all points north. Dining car service, vestibule coaches and sleeping cars to Washington and New York, connecting at Maxton for A. C. L. points north.

No. 34—10:10 a. m.—For Raleigh and Weldon and all local points.

No. 20—5:05 p. m.—For Wilmington sleeping car, passengers can stay in all night at Wilmington. This train connects at Hamlet for Savannah, Jacksonville and all points south and north.

No. 16—7:50 p. m.—Arrive Washington 7:10 a.m. N. Y. 12:52 p.m. connecting at Monroe for Atlanta and all points west and southwest, also connects at Monroe with fast train for Norfolk, Richmond, Washington and New York, through vestibule coaches. Pullman electric lighted sleeping cars to New York, dining cars Richmond to New York.

West Bound

No. 15 —9:50 a. m.—Local for Rutherfordton, connecting at Bostic with C. C. & O. for all points on that line to Johnson City, Tenn.

No. 31—3:25 p. m.—Local for Rutherfordton from Raleigh, connecting at Lincolnton with C. & N. W. for points on that line.

For further information call 'phone 180, City office, 32 W. Trade St.

James Ker Jr., T. P. A.
Charlotte, N. C.
John T. West, D. P. A.,
Raleigh, N. C.

Concrete silo forms for sale at a bargain. Apply to the Orphanage.

FOR SALE—One large bell suitable for school or farm bell. Apply to Rev. W. T. Walker, Supt., Barium Springs, N. C.

FOR SALE—One ox, works well single or double. Handy on any farm, well trained. Apply to Rev. W. T. Walker, Barium Springs, N. C.

FOR SALE—One set of Concrete Silo forms at a a Bargain. Now is the time to erect a concrete silo. Apply to Rev. W. T. Walker Superint, Barium Spring N. C.

Short Stories for the Boys and Girls

"Give me a Job."

"I want a job."

The head of the electric lighting concern looking up from his desk and saw a gangling boy of seventeen facing him with a look of quiet, respectful determination that carried conviction.

"But I haven't any position that you could possibly fill and right now I'm so driven—"

"I want a job," interrupted the boy with an odd smile, that didn't detract from the serious determination of his genial expression. And I'm willing to work six months without a cent of pay.

"Well, that's rather a new one," exclaimed the owner of lighting plant. "But—"

The boy was looking for that "But," and caught it on the fly.

"You see it's this way, sir," he interrupted, "I've just finished at the manuel training school and I've made up my mind that electric lighting's the thing for me that I'm going to start in it. It has a great future, and I want to understand it and make it my line."

His eye was kindling with enthusiasm when the man at the desk opened with another, "But—"

He didn't get an inch beyond the depressing qualification, for the boy shot into the sentence with:

"I'll work for nothing and keep just as careful hours as your foreman or anybody else on the payroll. You've a good plant sir, and I can see that it's bound to grow a lot in the next three years. Electric lighting has just started. It's just started. It's the best business to get into in the world and I'm going to learn it from the ground up. I want a job with you. No pay for six months."

But I don't see how I can possibly use you," responded the man of the plant. "Although I'm bound to say I like your grit, and I think you are on the right track—and!!

"Just give me the job," cut in the boy, "and I'll find something to do that will help you. There's always work around a plant like yours that a boy who's had a little technical training can find to do—work that needs to be done. Here are some references from my instructor and two or three business men who know me—"

"Look here," suddenly interrupted the man at the desk, "you certainly do want a job. And you're going to get it. I can see that right now. When you first spoke, I knew you reminded me of somebody, but I couldn't think who. Now I know. When I was a boy we had a dog that used to go out into the woods and hunt coons all day by himself. If he treed his coon he'd start to gnaw the tree down and keep at it until somebody hunted him up and chopped the tree down. You've got a sort of family resemblance to the dog. I'll give you a letter to the superintendent."

When a fortnight later, he called at this plant the foreman remarked:

"Say, that boy you sent up here is the oddest duck you ever saw. He takes his job just as hard as if he was drawing profits or my salary instead of working for nothing a week and paying his own car-fare.

"Why, his aunt died the other day and he didn't come for two days; but he sent a substitute and paid him out of his own pocket. He's the first man on the job in the morning and the last to leave at night. From the minute he gets here till he leaves he's as busy as a boy at a circus. That boy is certainly fond of his job."

A few weeks later the boy spoke to the man who had given him the job.

"A little testing department would save your money," said the boy, "and it would not cost much, either. You buy a lot of material, first and last, and I've found out that some of it is not up to the standard. They're working considerable off on you."

"How much would it cost?" asked the owner of the plant.

Instantly the boy drew from his pocket a list of every item needed in the equipment of testing laboratory. He had it all ready, for the question.

"Get it and go ahead," said the man after he had glanced over the list.

The laboratory was installed and saved the business a neat sum of money.

The day the boys gratuitous service was up, he appeared at the proprietor's desk and said, "My time is up sir."

"But you stay," was the quick answer, "and the salary you get is going to cover the unpaid time in which you've been serving me."

And it did. That wasn't so very long ago. The electric lighting plant grew until it was big enough to be "absorbed." It has been absorbed several times since but the boy stuck through every change. Each set of absorbing capitalists saw that he was the one man who couldn't be spared. They saw that he knew his old shoes. They played him for a favorite, and today he could buy out the man who gave him his first job—buy him out several times over! He is the head of a big electric lighting corporation and gets a salary of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year, beside profit in half a dozen thriving interests.

Any boy who has the stuff in him to play the game today as that boy played it will win out. You couldn't keep him if you buried him under the dead weight of a newspaper. There are plenty of boys who are waiting to accept a position—and always will be. But when it comes to boys who go out and beat bushes for a job—just a plain job, in which they have a chance to make good without regard to pay—they're in danger of being captured for exhibition purposes in museums.

Nothing can stand in the way of a boy of this kind. The give-me-a-job boy is sure to be distributing jobs sooner or later and generally its sooner.—Chicago Tribune.

The Cruelty of Ridiculing Children.

"When I'm big," announced Sylvia, "I'm going to lecture—"

Before the last word was out there was a shout from her brothers and sisters.

"You lecture, Sylvia? Huh, you'd look well on the stage with your pigeon toes!"

"What would you say? Folks have to be born smart to lecture."

"Sylvia's going to be a lecturer, hel hel hel" and so it went on, this storm of ridicule, unchecked by the foolish parents. Sylvia left the table in tears, and was scolded by her mother for being cross. But that was not the end. Poor Sylvia was teased and tormented for weeks, and her ambition ridiculed in the presence of every visitor, until she became sullen and silent.

Sylvia grew to womanhood, and did become a lecturer, and a good one, but to this day she will refuse to speak if any member of her family are in the audience.

"I am awkard and ill at ease in the presence of my family," she says, "because of what they made me suffer from ridicule as a child. I can never do my best or appear to advantage when any of them are present."

"Don't you know many cases of the kind? I do and I know one splendid woman who hates to have here people ere."

"They have made me feel all my life that I was a "fool," she declares. "They cannot expect me to be happy or at ease among them."

There is a bit of barbarism in children that makes them ridicule their brothers and sisters, and many unwise parents permit it unreproved, without realizing the lost confidence and diffidence and actual suffering that it causes. I firmly believe that many a life has been spoiled because a child's confidence in itself has been destroyed by ridicule.

If children are awkward, don't tell them so; put them where they can see grace and be taught to acquire it. We need all the confidence we can muster up in ourselves and others. Don't ridicule anybody for anything. It is wicked and useless, and does untold harm.—Ex.

Our Christmas Offering.

It is a custom here in the Orphanage to take an offering every Christmas morning in the dining room. At a time when the Home is being so liberally remembered by its friends all over the Synod, our Superintendent is trying to teach the children to think of the many throughout our own and Foreign lands who have less in temporal things, and are wholly deprived of the spiritual blessing which we daily receive. The needs are made clear, and then the matter is left in the hands of the children and the faculty. This custom has been practiced for several years, and always there is a liberal response. Some may ask the question, "Where do the children get the money to give?" Our good friend, Mr. Geo. Watts of Durham, sends some money every Christmas, and in addition to that a few of them receive some money from friends or relatives.

This year $115.62 was received as the Christmas offering, distributed as follows:

Through the church,	$23 37
Ladies' Mis. Society	30 50
Chinco Wasta Mis. Soc.	13 60
Cheerful Workers,	14 00
Lapsley Bands,	15 56
Busy Bees,	5 15
Allen Garden,	4 44
The Helpers,	4 14
Sunbeams,	4 86

While practically all the Bands had some money in the treasury, yet many of the children gave part and some all that was given to them at Christmas to go into this offering. The money is to be divided between Home and Foreign Missions and the sufferers in Europe.

Since the be ginning of fall the Ladies' Missionary Society, which is composed almost solely of the ladies working in the Orphanage, has given $100.75. Of this amount $43.20 was the special self denial offering during the week of prayer in November. The Christmas offering amounted to $30.50 and $27.05 was given as the regular offerings from Sept. to self denial week. In addition to this a nice contribution of articles made by the children and workers and second hand clothing was sent to Mrs. Sloop in the mountains for their Christmas tree. The Ladies' Mission Society had a towel shower this fall and sent several dozen of towels to the Goodland Orphanage in Oklahoma.

There are about twenty-two active members in the Society, and while the amonut given may not seem large, it represents sacrifice and self denial on the part of practically every member. All of our number are working on moderate salaries, and most of them have home responsibilities. Then too, the bulk of the money given by the Society goes through the channels of the church and not the Society. We don't feel that we are doing more than we should. In fact, we want to forget all that we have ever done, and strive harder this year than ever before to help carry out Christ's last command and be co-laborers together with Him in harvesting of precious souls.

A Member.

Gifts in Kind.

The good people of our church have remembered us with open pocketbooks and generous hearts and we are due them many thanks and a big debt of gratitude. The following have contributed since the last issue of this paper:

New Salem Church, fruit, molasses, etc.

Box 580, High Point, one quilt.

Mrs. D. W. Omsby, Wilmington, one quilt.

Arthur Walker's Society, Glade Valley, apples, oat meal, canned fruit, honey, etc.

Ladies Bible class, Rutherfordton, one quilt.

Philathia Class, Rutherfordton,

Ladies Aid Society, Wilson, one crate oranges.

Shiloh Church, one quilt.

Ladies Goldsboro Church, clothing.

Belk Brothers, Greensboro, one large box dry goods.

J. R. Ferrell Grocery Co., Raleigh, three boxes canned fruit and groceries.

Mrs. D. A. Mebane, canned fruit and preserves.

Rose Hill, sofa pillow, towels, table cover.

J. H. Hendorlite, dried fruit.

Albert S. Grady, four union suits.

Henderson Church, four blankets, three counterpanes.

Mrs. L. H. Castrex, Ladies coat suits and other clothing.

No name, ten gallons cranberries.

Mrs. House, Marion, one pair sheets, one pair pillow cases.

Ladies Missionary Society, Rockfish Church, bed linen, two quilts, soap, etc.

Ladies Missionary Society, Wallace, Gingham, one quilt, bed linen, canned fruit.

Gleaner Band Burgaw, box for Round Knob boys.

Young Memorial Church, groceries, canned fruit, etc.

No name, one barrel containing jelly and canned fruit.

one quilt.

Ladies First Church, Charlotte, one large box of canned fruit.

Hopewell Church, Wilmington Presbytery, canned fruit.

Mrs. W. B. Huhn, canned fruit.

Centre Church, canned fruit.

Long Creek, canned fruit.

Burlington, canned fruit, jelly and preserves.

Shelby Church, one box of raisins.

Buelah Church, two quilts, potatoes, molasses, canned fruit, etc.

Mrs. G. L. Young, Plant City, Fla., clothing.

Elmire Cotton Mill, Burlington, one bale of cloth

F. C. Abbott, one barrel of apples.

Mrs. W. E. Allen, Greensboro, one box of raisins.

Ladies of Tabor Church, one quilt.

Bessmer City Sunday School, two dozen quarts of tomatoes.

Mocksville Sunday School, one barrel of fruit, one box of fruit, one crate of oranges, cakes, etc.

Mrs. T. M. Sharpe's Sunday School class, one dozen pairs hose.

Sunday School class, Winter Park church, one box of fancy bags.

Ladies of Hickory Church, one box fruit, one box cakes.

St. Andrews Church, Wilmington one large box containing candy fruit, nut, etc, one crate of oranges.

Junior Miriams, Rowland, one box of fruit.

Presbyterian Committee of Publication, one box containing books, cards etc.

Charlotte, one crate of oranges.

Ladies Missionary Society, Red Springs, one box of cakes.

Orange Presbyterial, twenty-four blankets, twenty-five counterpanes, towels.

Woman's Auxiliary, Belmont fifty-five pounds candy.

Boys Sunday School class, Belmont, eight pairs filled hose.

Wilmington Presbyterial, Grafanola for Round Knob boys.

Sunday School of Greensboro first church, groceries, fruit, candy, towels, table linen, etc.

Mr. S. H. Owens, Lexington, one bunch of bananas.

Oliver Finnie Co., Tenn., one bucket of candy.

Mr. J. E. Hardin, Greensboro, one bucket of candy.

Ladies of Laurinburg Church, one box of cakes.

Ladies of Graham Church, one box of cakes.

Montpelier Church, one box canned fruit.

Lucy Chadbourn Society, fruit, groceries, confectioneries.

Mrs. W. T. Clark, Wilson, one box for Howard Cottage.

Mrs. A B. Jarvis, Washington, oranges.

Mrs. Mollie Deaton, Mrs. John Silvery and Mrs. Mary Hudson, one quilt.

Miss Cloyd's Sunday School class, Flora McDonald College, two boxes of candy.

Mrs. J. D. Rowe, one quilt.

Patsy Morris Branch Society of Philadelphia Church, one quilt, canned fruit.

Sunday School of Concord Church, five crates of oranges.

Children of Forest City Sunday School, groceries, candy, fruits.

Mrs. J. C. Firches, one crate of oranges.

Mrs. J. F. Russell and family, two dozen towels.

Gastonia, nuts.

Bible Class of Charlotte second church, twenty-five pounds of candy.

Dr. C. M. Hughes, Mr. J. R. Hughes and Mrs. W. H. Morris of Cedar Grove, three hundred pounds of flour.

Mr. D. J. Currin, Jackson Springs, one basket ball.

Sunday School children, Kannapolis, one quilt.

The Newspaper Trust.

For many years we have been reading about the heartless trusts, and how they bleed those who are so unfortunate as to get in their power. We did not realize, however, the depth of the devilment they do until we were caught in the vise ourselves. A year ago we bought a grade of paper, smooth and white, known as "book paper," the grade in fact upon which these words are printed, that cost us $4.10 a hundred pounds delivered. The same quality is now quoted to us in car-lots at $11.00 per hundred. Of course we can not afford to pay the price as it would wipe out all the profits of Charity and Children, and so we have been compelled to buy common news for which we agree to pay $5.75 besides the freight, or one thousand dollars more for this thin and flimsy paper than we paid for the excellent grade we have been using. This is not all the story. We are told on perfectly reliable authority that the mills are turning out paper now at less than it cost them a year ago. They decided to rob the newspapers of the country of millions of dollars which they are doing in broad open day. This is the method of the trusts we have heard so much about, and the gigantic combine will not listen to reason. A group of newspaper men met at Greensboro recently and agreed to buy their supplies in train load lots and pay the spot cash for it. We appointed Mr. H. B. Varner to negotiate with the mills and make the trade direct so as to save the jobbers profit. He tried all the mills he knew anything about and they positively refused to sell a pound on that basis. They all told the same story and offered the same excuse. We discovered that we had been caught in the grip of a giant trust and that we were completely at their mercy. Mr. Varner proceeded to Washington and filed a complaint against the trust which is now in the hands of Attorney General Gregory. If ever there was a time for the government to interfere it is now. If there is such a thing as a "trust-buster" he has the opportunity to show his hand. A vigorous prosecution of the paper trust has been demanded. We shall see what we shall see. In the meantime, the newspaper men must do the best they can, which means that they must stand up and allow the trust to pick them clean. If the law of supply and demand entered into the situation at all we could not complain, but when we know that the net profit of the paper mills is greater than ever before, it is rather hard to submit to the unblushing rapacity of these greedy cormorants. One daily paper alone, the Raleigh News Observer, must pay for its paper this year $59,000 more than the same paper cost last year. As the paper has never made as much as $30,000 profit in its life, it is easy to see the end unless relief comes. Is Uncle Sam a friend to his children? If so, let him get out his big stick and smash this unholy combine into smithereens.—Charity and Children.

W. H. Belk, Charlotte N. C.

Belk Bros.
Charlotte, N.C.

J. M. Belk, Monroe, N. C.

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Alas! it is not till Time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life to light the fires of human passion with, from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.—Longfellow.